

The Brethren Evangelist.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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It being uncertain when we can return to Ashland; and as we have the books of the office with us, and must see ALL matter before it goes into the paper, we would request for the sake of promptness that all mail be sent direct to us personally to the following address: S. J. HARRISON, 6020 EDGERTON AVE, CHICAGO, ILL.

LITTLE HOMER'S DEATH.

The climax of our sorrow was reached one week ago this morning, a few minutes before seven, when our dear Homer breathed his last. He was perfectly conscious through all his sickness—even till *after* the last breath has been taken. It seems as though he was permitted to witness his own death. Dear, brave boy; he is now at rest. He has been excused from all further sorrow, grief, disappointment, labor and responsibility in this life. But he said he wanted to live because he loved us; and oh, how much we wanted him to live because we loved him.

The following beautiful tribute from the Rev. John Alexander Dowie and his wife so kindly contributed we think will be more satisfactory to our readers than any thing we might write.

REV. AND MRS. DOWIE'S TRIBUTE.

6036 EDGERTON AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
26th Apr., 1894.

REV. S. J. HARRISON AND MRS. HARRISON,
LANARK, ILL.

BELoved BROTHER AND SISTER IN CHRIST:

It is nearing the midnight hour as I write to you these few lines after a day of heavy toil in the blessed service of our common Lord and Master; but I cannot refrain from writing a few lines, entwining them with deepest and tenderest sympathy as a wreath of love, to be laid on the grave of the dear little boy whose brave spirit has left its earthly tabernacle for its celestial embodiment.

When you and your dear wife came five weeks ago tonight to our home carrying the suffering boy, my good wife felt her heart go out to you in tenderest sympathy; as she looked upon the dear dying lad, whose death doom had been spoken that day by some of the most eminent physicians of this city; and when she told me she had received him into our home, I prayed that God might spare you both the sorrow which hung over your lives like a pall darker than night; and when God used me so manifestly to the alleviation of the sufferer's pain, I hoped that He who had

used me in the restoration of so many thousands and tens of thousands, might give me also that bright young life.

As the weeks passed on the case became more mysterious than any I had ever met, for, whilst pain was banished, and the deadly tumor seemed to die, yet it did not pass out of his body, as had been the case with so many thousands; and when at last, suddenly, and without expectation, his spirit left the body in which it could no longer bear to dwell, the mystery deepened, and only after you had departed with his earthly remains did there come any possible solution of that mystery. God understands. He is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain.

But ere his dust is laid away to kindred dust I want to say that a braver, more heroic spirit never filled a little tabernacle of our common clay. Very soon after we received him the last temptation to murmur was overcome. Great new thoughts of holy service filled all his onward-looking mind, and the strange new scenes amidst which he dwelt seemed to incite in him a holier ambition to live, and love, and serve his Savior Christ, who was to him, a conscious bright reality. He laid upon God's own altar, to help the sick and sorrowing, all his little hoard of earthly store; and when I purchase with his gift some children's chairs for our new Home, the sunshine of his life will rest upon those things his love gave to the suffering little ones. And now, although removed from earthly sight, we dare not doubt that in the service of his Lord, this little minister has found a place.

He will not come again to us, but we shall go to him, and at the gates of glory he will want to join the blessed song "Come in, Come in," as we follow one another in at the beautiful gate to that City celestial.

Homer will never die. He lives in hearts, and like the righteous Abel "speaketh" by his little life of energetic zeal in all things good, and in his life of love for God.

So I lay this little tribute on his grave to-day and say "What'er the mystery, God understands," and by and by when the shades flee away we shall meet you in the land of cloudless love and endless day. "Till then, Good-night! For we shall meet in God's good-morning and be forever with the Lord.

Faithfully and lovingly your friends,
and Brother and Sister, in Jesus Christ,
JOHN ALEX. DOWIE.
JEANIE DOWIE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Do not bother yourself about what men think of God, but it will be well to know what God thinks of man.

On the 24th ult., Bro Talley says: "Four more accessions to the church last Sunday by baptism." Surely the waters are greatly troubled at Milledgeville.

Do you spend your time trying to find the uselessness of obeying the *letter* of God's law? What would be thought of a soldier thus engaged on the orders of his commander-in-chief? Is it less ignoble to doubt God than a military officer?

In reporting communions please give the *exact number* participating.

Faithfulness in little things is necessary to him who is to be ruler of large ones. Promotion follows doing what we do do better than it has ever been done before.

Elder J. F. Koonts is now laboring for the Conemaugh, Pa., Brethren and should be addressed there instead of New Enterprise. God bless the pastor and his flock.

The children will please excuse the absence of their letters this week. On account of the death of dear little Homer we could not prepare your letters in time. They will all appear in due time.

Sometime ago Bro. H. R. Holsinger called our attention to the fact that his name was omitted in the Ministerial list of the Annual. This came to pass by the compositor mistaking the proof readers marks on the last reading.

At one time as God saw man the imaginations of his heart were only evil and that continually. Had you lived just as you now are at the time God thus described man would you have been included in the above class? If so remember that evil imaginations are no more acceptable to God in us now than they were in them then.

Bro. J. A. Miller of Summit Mills, Pa., sent in two subs. last week, which makes nineteen for the year so far, and said he hoped to send more in soon. We ought to have at least five hundred more subscribers within the next six weeks. There are now many families not taking the paper for whom there is no excuse except their lack of interest in the cause they disgrace.

Although a mustard seed is one of the smallest of seeds, yet from it a tree with branches large enough for birds to lodge in grows. Do you get the lesson that you may be incapable of performing an act which, compared with what others do, may be no more than a "mustard seed", but that which comes from it may be great. The match that lighted the lantern which started the Chicago fire was just like billions of other little matches, but the result was different. Don't neglect doing things because they seem insignificant.

We have had a half tone portrait of Master Homer made from a photograph taken last February after our return to Ashland from our first unavailing trip to Chicago. This portrait will be run on the first page of the next *King's Children* accompanied with a suitable memorial and his last letter. On account of this the next number of the K. C. will be printed on a very expensive quality of paper, and will be from a mechanical standpoint the most beautiful work that has ever gone out from any press of the church. Extra copies may be had at the rate of *five cents each*. On account of the extra work on